

THE
PATRON:

OR, THE

Statesman's Opera.

As it is Acted at the

Theatres in London.

By Mr. O D E L L.

Let the gall'd Jades winch, our Withers are untwining.
Hamlet.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the
Earl of *SUNDERLAND.*

D U B L I N:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK,
GEORGE EWING, and
WILLIAM SMITH,

} Booksellers,
in
Dame's-street.

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THE

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OFFICE



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TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
Earl of *Sunderland*.

MY LORD,



Y Obligations to your Great Father (*the late Earl of Sunderland*) being Many and Singular, will, I hope, plead some Excuse for me, whose greatest Misfortune, next the Loss of my late Lord, is that of being unknown to Your Lordship.

That Great Minister, who never encourag'd idle Sollicitations, and whose Ear was always open to Merit, even of the lowest Degree, as soon as inform'd of some small unrewarded Services of Mine, became my Patron, and obtain'd His late Majesty's Order

The Dedication.

for Two hundred Pounds to be paid me Yearly, till otherwise provided for; and that Bounty, during the two last Years of his Important Life, I had the Honour of receiving from his own Hands, but lost it at his Death, and with it all future Hopes of Preferment.

I must own, my Lord, (without regarding the common Strain of Dedications) the Impulse I have of expatiating on the Profound Skill, Publick Spirit, and Incorruptible Integrity of my Illustrious Patron, as well as to enumerate those shining Qualities which adorn Your Lordship, and which presage us all we can possibly expect, even from a Nobleman descended from the most Renowned Captain, and the most Intrepid Statesman. But as I am conscious I cannot add any thing to a Name already consecrated to Endless Fame, so likewise I chuse not to interrupt Your Lordship in the Exercise of your own Virtues, nor sully for want of Skill, those Excellencies I mean to illustrate.

As for the Opera I now humbly dedicate to Your Lordship, I shall only observe this, That the sham-Patron, its chief Character, and from which it takes its Name, is drawn corrupt, vicious, and unsincere; and serves only as a Foil, to illustrate the Virtues of the real Patron; and those that have yet seen it agree, the Contrast is no where exactly good, but with the late Earl of Sunderland. And that

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The Dedication.

that such I intended it my own Conscience bears me witness; and likewise, that I indulge my Gratitude sufficiently in publishing of it at a time when some abandon'd Hirelings have in vain attempted to defame a Character held Sacred by all True Lovers of their KING and Country.

My Lord, suffer me to entreat your Pardon and Protection, and to profess my self, with greatest Zeal,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Dutiful,

and most Obedient

humble Servant,

Tho. Odell.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Falcon, a Minister of }
State, Patron to *Merit*, } *Mr. Hulet.*

Sir Jolly Glee, Friend to }
Lord *Falcon*, in love with } *Mr. Giffard.*
Mrs. Rhubarb.

Merit, a Gentleman undone }
by depending on Lord } *Mr. Reynolds.*
Falcon,

Stout, a Friend to *Merit*, } *Mr. Gillow.*

Pointer, a Pimp to Lord }
Falcon. } *Mr. Pearce.*

W O M A N.

Peggy Lure, A Woman of }
the Town a pretended } *Mrs. Nokes.*
Wife to *Merit.*

T H E



T H E
P A T R O N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Scene Merit's Lodging. Enter Merit and Lure, singing to the Tune of The Country Farmer.

AS Virtue from hence was banish'd long since,
And Fools have the Fortune of rising;
That Craft shou'd prevail where Merit must fail,
I think 'tis no longer surprising.
Could a good Conscience like vicious Nonsense
Succeed, 'twould raise one's Behaviour,
But who in their Senses, would form such pretences,
Whilst Wretches riot in Favour.

Merit. [giving a conditional Note.] There's the last Stake, my Dear, play it wisely; for on this cast depends our future Happiness or Misery.

Lure. Ne'er fear it, Love; if the Deceit is n't too honest for the Occasion, I'll warrant ye Success.

Merit. The Hook's lusciously baited, I'm sure; and if you angle with Caution, I'll answer for a Bite: You'll see when to strike, I'll trust ye.

Lure.

The PATRON

Lure. Indeed you may, I cannot mistake my Duty any more than my Interest. Adieu *Tom.* (*kissing*)

[*Exit Lure.*]

Merit. Fare thee well: I'll hope for Success however; if we fail, I am but where I was, the most unfortunate Wretch in the Universe.

Enter Stout.

Stout. Faith I think so: But hark ye *Tom!* Is your Patron gone to the Devil yet? Gad, I curs'd him last Night at the *Rose* with half a dozen Friends o' yours, till we were all hoarse to hear how he had us'd ye.

Merit. No *Sam*, not yet I believe; but, lest he should loiter by the way, and ruin any more of his Friends by his fine Speeches, I've sent the Devil to him this Morning I can tell ye.

Stout. Ha, my Friend! but how got you Bravo's in London? Thou'rt not o' th' Blood o' the *Feltons* thyself *Tom.*

Merit. No, *Sam*: The Devil I sent is a soft, luscious, alluring Devil,—my Wife, Sir.

Stout. Your Wife, Sir! Oons, that's the Devil indeed, in your Circumstances: I did n't know thee hadst a Wife, *Tom.*

Merit. Yes; God help me.

Stout. Nay, hereafter you have Hopes, I confess, if your Wife be not wanting t'ye; an' let me tell ye, you've sent her to a very likely Person to assist her in't.

Merit. I've given her Leave, *Sam*, to jilt him, if such a Wile can be of any use to us.

Stout. Believe me, *Tom*, I shou'd n't suffer a Wife to engage in a Project of that kind on any Pretence, lest from such a Licence she take occasion to jilt her Husband too.

Merit. I have but little to fear, *Sam*, as I take it.

Stout. Not much, I confess. But, prithee *Tom*, what did the Caitiff say to thee? How did he put thee off?

Merit. He told me I was again too late, that he'd dispos'd o' the Place I ask'd for, to one *Purchase*, who was recommended by an Interest he cou'd by no means withstand.

Stout.

Stout. His Name, I shou'd ha' thought, had been sufficient.

Merit. I told him, 'twas odd he shou'd give Places to Strangers, and suffer his Friends to perish for want of 'em. He reply'd, he did nothing without Reason, and wish'd he could find the Opportunities o' providing for all his Friends, but the Difficulties were insurmountable; and as I could bear him witness how many Years he had endeavour'd it to no purpose, so now he was convinc'd that he never cou'd; and therefore the kindest thing he cou'd say to 'em was, to bid 'em not expect it; and as I was, on account of my Services, his greatest Favourite, so he began with me first.

Stout. Perfidious Monster! Was there ever such a Friend? May his Insolence spirit up his Dependants to De-witt him, and his stupendious Fall be remember'd with Horror. *Tom*, I'm your Friend, and tho this *Falcon* soars so high, I've a Gun will reach him; I'll lend it thee, shoot the Dog——

Merit. I thank ye, *Sam*; but your Zeal's too hot for my present Purpose, *Cupid* has lent me his Bow already, and with that I hope to take a sufficient Revenge, without exposing my self.

Sings to the Tune of Hey Boys, up go we, &c.

Oh! leave him, Jove, to vengeful Love,

Or I better ne'er had been,

Whose subtle Dart can pierce the Heart,

And never wound the Skin.

What Man is safe shou'd Peggy laugh,

Or cry, or scold, or sing?

For kind or coy, she'll kill or cloy,

And plague him with her Sting.

Stout. I'm glad you're so merry, tho' I can't see any great reason you have for it.

Merit. Hang it, *Sam*, I'll not despair while I've any Chance left: will ye walk in the Park?

Stout. Aye, any thing, so you'll allow me to curse your Patron.

Merit. Aye, with all my Heart; I'll join with ye,
Sam.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

Stout.

SCENE at Lord Falcon's; discovers a Levée, his Lordship dispatching those attending.

First Attendant. My Lord, 'tis seven long Years I've waited a Vacancy.

Falcon. Sir, I can't help that, I can't knock People o' th' Head to make a Vacancy for ye.

2d Attendant. My Lord, my Merit as well as Recommendation I should think——

Falcon. What, Sir? Merit's a meer Drug, Sir; the Marker's o'erstockt with it: But my Lord *Worthy's* Recommendation I shall always regard.

3d Attendant. My Lady *Hush* begs your Lordship will remember her Zeal to serve you, and take some Notice of the Bearer of this. (*giving a Letter.*)

Falcon. (*putting up the Letter*) Give my Service to her Ladyship, and tell her I'll be sure to obey all her Commands.

4th Attendant. My Lord, Mrs. *Sweetlips* begs you'll take Notice of me.

Falcon. Tell her I'll call on her, to consult what can be done for ye.

——(*turning to the others.*) Sir, I'll be sure to take care of you——Sir, you may rest satisfied——Sir, call on me next Week——Sir, I've set you down for the first Vacancy——&c. [*Exeunt.*]

Falcon solus, sings to the Tune of The Ordinance on board.

*How constant they come, and still believe,
As if one had nothing, had nothing, had nothing, had nothing,
had nothing, to do but deceive.*

*From Year to Year solicit a Place,
And still confide, and confide, and confide, and confide in
a Patron's gracious Grimace,*

*But let 'em dangle on,
They'll find when they're undone,
Who'd ha' thought it good Lord, who'd ha' thought it good
Lord?*

A Statesman sometimes breaks his Word.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there's one Mrs. *Merit* without, desires to speak with your Lordship. *Falcon.*

The PATRON.

5

Falcon. An' you cou'd n't tell her I was gone out, or busie, or any thing—I have n't been teaz'd an' plagu'd enough a'ready I warrant.

Serv. I did, my Lord, but she saw the others coming from you, an' is resolv'd to wait your coming out, if she is n't admitted.

Falcon. Curse on't! What's her Name *Merit* say ye? sure *Tom Merit* has n't got a Wife to plague me too.

Serv. Yes, my Lord, she says she's Mr. *Merit's* Wife; she's very handsome, and won't be said nay.

Falcon. She ought not, if she's handsome; shew her in, (*Exit Servant.*) If I like her, I'll not be said Nay neither.

Enter Lure as Mrs. Merit.

By *St. Hamon* she's an Angel. (*Aside*) Madam, your most devoted Servant, (*salutes her.*) Pray what Command have you to honour me withal?

Lure. (*weeping.*) I come only to reproach you: Nothing but your unheard-of Cruelty to my Husband cou'd have given me the Courage to come near ye: His Services have deserv'd a better Fate, and your repeated Promises, had you either Honour or Gratitude, wou'd ha' been thought worth performing too; but to discard him in so vile a Manner! —

Falcon. Dear Lady, (*drawing near.*) cou'd you be sensible how much I interest myself in your Happiness, you'd entertain kinder Sentiments of me; we must have a better Understanding of each other: Well, hang me if I thought *Merit* cou'd ha' chose so well, I must compliment the Rogue when I see him next.

Lure. Not on his Choice of a Patron, I hope: He cou'd n't ha' chose a worse I'm sure.

Falcon. Dear Charmer, be not thus satyrical: Had I known Mr. *Merit* had so fine a Lady, I had provided for him long e'er this: Your Worth both the *Indies* cannot purchase. Oons, she's an Angel. (*Aside.*)

Lure. For his own sake he might have expected it; I come but to upbraid ye, and let ye see another Wretch your false Friendship has made such, for I expect no real Advantage from it.

Falcon. No, but indeed you shall, Charmer. (*Seizing her*

her Hand.) I'll yet provide for him, only esteem it for your sake that I do it, for I cannot possibly live out of your good Graces. How long have you been married, Madam?

Lure. (weeping.) Too long, my Lord, by five long Years, since I'm ruin'd by't, tho' I've the best Husband living; for by his Attachment, and your fine Pretences, we've spent a very handsome Fortune together; and now, by your base Treatment, have the Honour to understand we've nothing left us to trust to.

Falcon. (handing her again.) Dear Creature, don't grieve thus; I'm really a Convert, and, thro' your Intercession, will certainly provide for *Merit*: Only be you kind, an' command any thing.

Lure. (shrinking.) Oh, hideous! Have you not already ruin'd us? An' would ye destroy our domestick Peace? It is n't enough then that my Spouse have danc'd Attendance so many Years to no Purpose, unless his Wife be dishonour'd too! I'm astonish'd a Man of your Cast does not send somebody to murder him likewise, and so compleat your Cruelty; or, perhaps you think it best he should live to understand his Misery.

Falcon. All this is but raising the Price, she knows I'm able to purchase, an' by *St. Machavel* I'll have her, *(Aside.)* Dear Charmer, have a little Patience: Hear me a Word, I'll now convince ye of my Love. The Place your Husband ask'd for Yesterday shall still be his: 'Tis true, I've given it to one *Purchase*, but I'll make it worth his while to consent to have his Name erac'd out of the Patent, and *Merit* shall be inserted in its stead; only meet me according to Directions, and I'll this Day give it into your Possession.

Lure. Or, in Fact, you'll give me the Trouble of exposing myself for a Fiction, and so have the Power of reproaching Mr. *Merit* with his Wife's Levity: You want to finish his Destruction.

Falcon. Nay, this is astonishing, Madam: Did you never hear you was handsome? Don't distrust your own Power thus; but I'll soon put it out of Dispute: Pray accept these, *(offering a Purse and a Dagger)* the Purse is yours for meeting me only, an' if I fail performing

The PATRON.

forming Conditions with you, let the Dagger be mine. (*turning the Point to's Breast.*) Upon my Life I'll then put the Patent into your Hands, only promise to be mine, and I'll trust your Generosity for the rest.

Lure. (*putting 'em back*) Mr. Merit will think it strange indeed I should succeed thus, when he with all his Services cou'd n't. I must refuse ye.

Falcon. Dear Angel! his Blind shall be, that I have heartily repented of my Unkindness to him, and the moment you came was sending my Servant to tell him so, who shall be order'd to vouch it. (*offering 'em again.*)

Sings to the Tune of Why Soldiers, why, &c.

Why, Charmer, why

Shou'd you refuse the courted Bliss?

Why, Charmer, why

Your Sex are to comply.

The Joys I share

Promote your Husband to his Wish,

And are to spare :

Then what need you care ?

Besides, you know, my Dear,

He will have Neighbours Fare.

Lure. (*accepting the Purse and Dagger*) *sings to the Tune of A lovely Lass to a Fryar came.*

You S. a. esmen with resistle's Grace

Subdue us to your Passion :

The Purse and Patent I embrace,

Since Horning is the Fashion ;

I'll meet you at your Time and Place

With equal Inclination.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Park.

Merit and Stout walking.

Merit. Dear Sam, prithee don't reproach me thus, I'm ruin'd, and now claim your Pity.

Stout. Pity! Heaven knows I pity thee, and will do any thing to serve thee too; but I'm distracted, Tom, to see thee thus: A Man o' Sense, of Service, and a Gentleman too, us'd thus! Curse on the Trifler. Does n't he daily prefer such as hate him, because necessary to his Pleasure, and turn a starving those that have render'd him useful and laudable Services? Are not his se-

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lect

best Friends a Set of the sorriest Scoundrels, such Vermin as a Man of Sense or Honour wou'd blush to be seen withal?

Merit. Indeed they're a sorry Pack, but such he chuses to unbend himself with.

Stout. Unbend himself, quoth-a! What, then he's only warp'd into the Figure of a Statesman. A real great Man thinks the Conversation of Men o' Sense necessary to raise himself by to a Standard of Real Greatness, and has often recourse to 'em, as your Foplings to their Glasses to adjust their Dresses by. But he has a vile Character, his Person I'm a Stranger to.

Merit. I wish I'd been so too: But yonder he comes, if your Curiosity tempts ye to look at him; my Abhorrence forbids me, lest I forget where I am, and that he's a——

Stout. Pristhee which is he, Tom?

Merit. In that Chair yonder, but I'll avoid him. (*going.*
(*Stout runs to see him, Falcon lets down his Glass, and says,*
Falcon. Sir, I'll be sure to take care of you. (*going on.*

Stout. Take care o' me! What the Devil does he mean?

Merit. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Stout. Take care o' me? Sure 'tis n't Treason to look at this Lord o' yours; a——

Merit. Ha, ha, ha, ha; No Sam; but he takes you for one o' thos: he has promis'd to provide for, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Stout. Oh Pox! is it that? I thought I must ha' gone to the Gatehouse for't. What, then I'm to have a Place, I warrant, because I star'd at a Lord: Very pretty truly. But the worst on't is, that such as promise without good Reason, will break 'em without much Scruple; so that I'm not at all lifted up about it.

Merit. His Promises are fatal Snares to his Friends: I wish he'd promise his Enemies only; he'd be more secure too than in promoting them as he does.

Stout. He fears his Foes, and therefore enables 'em to hurt him by giving them Power: His Friends he thinks he's sure of, and therefore neglects 'em.

Merit.

The PATRON.

9

Merit. Fear and Falshood are indeed the main Springs of all his Politicks: Tho' an honest brave Man is above the little Tricks commonly call'd *Policy*, Cowards only can lye, and Fools deceive: Such Talents, however fitting a Sharper or a Pimp, are very unbecoming a Gentleman, and much more a Statesman.
Stout sings to the Tune of Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,

&c.

*Your Statesmen brave and wise,
 All little Arts despise,
 Are open and just,
 Use Friends they can trust,
 Nor job off true Merit with Lies.
 Fools Foes will employ,
 Knaves Virtue destroy,
 Self-Int'rests all their Aim;
 But soon or late
 Does publick Hate
 Push on their Fate,
 Avenge each State,
 And guilty brand their Fame.*

Merit. Sam, be so good to turn up that Walk a little; I see one coming that I'd gladly talk with alone for two or three Minutes.

Stout. (looking) Your Wife, I guess; but 'tis an odd time with her, Joy; so I'll leave ye. [Exit Stout.]

Enter Lure.

Merit. Well, my dear Life, I long to know my Fate, an' yet fear to ask it: How say ye?

Lure. (kissing him) I know you're big with Expectation, Dear: Suppose I shou'd tell ye now—

Merit. Nay, prithee Girl, don't trifle wi' me: Am I happy or miserable?

Lure. Now hang me, Tom, if I cou'd n't find i' my Heart to put on the Woman for half an Hour, an' plague ye with Uncertainties: But come, you're too honest an' open your self, I'll put ye out o' your Pain. Here, my Dear, *(pulling out a Dagger and a Purse)* see these, an' then judge of my Success.

Merit. Peggy, you shew me Wonders, pray unriddle 'em to me.

B. 2

Lure.

Lure. This Purse of 100 Pieces is to convince me of his sincere Intentions of giving you the Patent Place he refus'd you Yesterday : He's now gone to have the Name of *Purchase* erac'd, and yours inserted in its stead. I'm to see him in half an Hour at a certain Place, when he'll give it into my Possession; and in case o' failure, this Dagger is given me to revenge the Affront withal.

Merit. What do I see? What do I hear? My better Angel, (*embracing her*) I must always love thee; and tho' I'm acquainted with his am'rous Vein; 'tis even cruel to ask what he expects from thee for all this.

Lure. Gen'rous *Merit*, I'll not keep thee in the Dark as to that neither. He has Hopes, I confess, of being very free with me; but I've so manag'd it with him, that even that too is left to my Gen'rosity. I'll deal with him, *Tom*, ne'er fear me.

Merit. I'll trust thee, Love; my Honour can never suffer by thee, I'm sure. You're going to meet him now, I suppose.

Lure. This Moment, Child, tho' a little before the Time; for it becomes me to wait our good Fortune thee know'st. Adieu.

Exit Lure singing to the Tune of The Old-Man's Wish.
Shall the Thieves watch all Night, and the Bailiffs all Day,
With Patience unwearied, in hopes of their Prey?

And shall not your Help-mate, to better your Fortune,
Go house this fond Cullin's Foible o' Courting?

My Virtue shall govern with absolute Sway,

I'll bring you the Prize unpolluted away:

And may our good Harmony never decay, never decay, never, never decay.

Re-enter Stout.

Merit. Come, wish me Joy, Friend; my Wife gives me Reasons to hope.

Stout. Aye, an' to fear too, I shou'd think, that have a Wife so handsome. His Lordship likes her then? Hey?

Merit. Yes, yes; I believ'd he wou'd like her: But what think ye if I shou'd have a Patent to-day for what he refus'd me yesterday?

Stout. Why, that your Wife has stuck at nothing to serve ye: Was I your Herald, *Tom*, I'd give ye the Staggs Head.

Head for your Crest. You'll pay dear enough for your Promotion i' faith.

Merit. Why thou'rt a very Infidel, *Sam* : D'ye think I cannot trust my Wife ?

Stout. Yes faith, with any body, I'll say that for thee : Not that I've any personal Objection to thy Wife, but think that no Wife is to be trusted in such Circumstances, with such Allurements too, as that Wretch will certainly offer who has already ruin'd your Fortunes.

Merit. I thank thy Friendship, *Sam* ; but to what purpose shou'd I suspect the Wife I can trust, and call in imaginary Evils, that have but too many real ones already ?

Sings to the Tune of Love's a Dream of mighty Treasure.

Marriage is a mutual Blessing,

Where a mutual Faith is seen ;

Pleasures unresist'd possessing,

There no Sorrows intervene.

Soon Distrust will rend asunder,

Souls united damp their Joy :

Jealousie, like raging Thunder,

Sudden does the Bliss destroy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Jolly Glee and Pointer meeting.

Pointer Sir Jolly Glee, your most Obedient ; I did n't imagine I shou'd see you but at your Lodgings, and was going thither : I hope you lik'd the Lady you've left so soon.

Glee. Dear *Pointer*, lik'd her, say ye ? Who cou'd do otherwise ? She's *Elizium*, — Ah *Paul* ! such a Night ! To wrapt ! so transported ! that Flesh and Blood cou'd n't bear it any longer.

Pointer. I'm glad, Sir Jolly, you'd no other Reason for parting.

Glee. No, only that Love and Desire had wound up my Spirits high as the Chain of Nature cou'd reach, and it became necessary I shou'd quit the Extasies of the Night for the seasonable Recruits of the Day.

Pointer. The Bottle, Sir Jolly, is sov'rain in such a Case ; but you're satisfied now that she's Mrs. *Rhubarb*, the Lady you fell in love with at the Play-house.

B. 3

Glee.

Glee. Yes, *Paul*; your Directions had satisfied me o' that before, or I'd ne'er parted with my Money so freely. I saw her in an Undress behind her Father's Counter, reaching some Things she wanted; and, after that, drinking Tea in the back Shop.

Pointer. Pray how did you dispose o' your self, Sir *Jolly*, the while? I had forgot to tell you I had an Acquaintance liv'd over the Way.

Glee. No matter; I walk'd by the Door for near an Hour, making my Remarks to my own Satisfaction. She's promis'd to dress to-day in the Cloaths I gave her, and wear the Watch and Equipage.

Pointer. I commend her, faith; they're extreamly fine.

Glee. Aye, had they been all, I'd been well off; but two thousand Pounds is a monstrous Price for one Year's Enjoyment.

Pointer. But then you're to consider, Sir *Jolly*, that she's a Woman of Fortune; her Father can give her five thousand Pounds at least; so that her Reputation's worth more than the Trifle you mention; And had n't her Inclination been equal to yours, let me tell ye, Sir, you'd ne'er have had her on any Consideration.

Glee. You have not paid the whole Sum, *Paul*.

Pointer. No, only the five hundred Pounds, Sir *Jolly*, in hand; the other fifteen hundred Pounds I shall, by Agreement, pay her to-morrow Morning; they're the Terms you deposited it upon.

Glee. True; but hark ye, *Paul*: Cou'd n't I contrive to save the rest? You shan't pay it yet at least.

Pointer. Indeed I must, Sir *Jolly*; I'm bound in Honour: Such a Trick wou'd ruin me with the Ladies forever.

Glee. Cou'd I ha' ravish'd now, what a Mass of Money had been say'd!

Pointer. Yes indeed, but you my Lord, and Colonel *Fitz-Devil*, have done too many of those things already; shou'd either of ye attempt it again, the Mobb w llt ar ye to pieces.

Glee. Well, since there's no Relief, I must e'en kiss it out, *Paul*: I'd fain ha' say'd the fifteen hundred how-
ever.

Pointer.

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Pointer. 'Tis impossible, (*aside*) for that comes to me
Glee. Paul, good by t'ye : Shall I see ye at Lord Fal-
con's by and by? [*Exit Glee.*]

Pointer. Sir *Folly*, your Servant; I shall certainly be
there.

Sings to the Tune of We Dragoons lead merry Lives..
Pimping is the Trade best thrives, fal de ral, &c.
Sale of Maidens, and of Wives, fal de ral, &c.
Brings us Profit, gives Pretence,
More than Virtue, Wit, or Sense,
And may sometimes raise one up to Posts of Honour.

A C T II.

SCENE, an Apartment, with a Couch.

Lord Falcon and Lure coming forward Hand in Hand.

Falcon. **W**ELL, my Dear, you see I have kept my
Word.

Lure. I hope too I have answer'd your Expectation,
my Lord.

Falcon. Yes, my transporting Angel, Possession has
given me such Pleasures! such exquisite Pleasures! that
Imagination never form'd an Idea of. You must al-
ways be mine.

Lure. It must be with Caution then; my Honour
must not be suspected, lest my domestick Quiet be de-
stroy'd : This Place of four hundred Pounds a Year will
plentifully furnish us all the Necessaries of Life, and
I will be too prodigal to throw away the Enjoyment on't.

Falcon. This Place, Dear; is but an Earnest of my
Love, and thy Honour will always be safe. The Mistress
of this House will be glad o' your Acquaintance, she's
supported by my Bounty.

Lure. She tells me, she's an Officer's Widow.

Falcon. She passes for such, but her Husband never
was in the Army : He cou'd exercise his Knife and Fork
very well, and dy'd at the Siege of a Venison Pasty.

Fin

I'm told; but no matter, she has Reputation enough to secure thine, an' I shall always esteem thy Honour as sacred as *Magna Charta*. Shall I see thee again to-morrow?

Lure. Not till the Day following, my Lord; I shall then go abroad to buy a few Necessaries, and will take that Opportunity of meeting you here.

Falcon. Delicious Creature! (*pulling out's Pocket-Book*) accept this small Bill to buy 'em withal, 'tis a hundred Pounds only, a meer Trifle to the Woman I love. But I'm on the Rack, Child, to think I must wait so long ere I see thee: May I then promise my self a full Feast of Love?

Lure. (*kissing him*) You may, my Lord: But stay, (*returning his Dagger*) pray take this back again, as you're a Man of Honour, I shall always act on the Defensive.

Falcon. Ha, ha, ha; ha, dear Angel! (*kissing*) But lest I faint, Love, with fasting so long. I have thought to come and wish *Merit* Joy to-night of his Patent; I'll bring a Friend or two to drink a Bottle of his Wine tell him, an' in case he has a Friend likewise, so much the better; we'll be merry,—an' wise too, I promise ye.

Lure. I hope so: What time may we expect your Lordship?

Falcon. About Eight. You told him I'd repented of my Cruelty to him, and was sending to let him know as much when you came?

Lure. I did, my Lord, an' can assure ye he believ'd it too.

Falcon. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'm well acquainted with his Credulity, an' have exercis'd it too, but no matter, he had then been only serviceable to me in Elections, or so. — an Article I seldom regard when over; but now he's useful to my Pleasures, and shall have an ample Reward.

Sings to the Tune of Go build me a House in the Moor.

Let Sots that can serve
Court-Virtue and flatter,
And still dance Attendance, and wait,

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*My Pleasures I prize,
And those that will rise,
Must Pimp if they mean to be great, brave Boys,
Must Pimp, &c.*

Lure. I'm pleas'd, my Lord, at the Share I've had in this happy Turn o' Mr. Merit's good Fortune, 'twill insure me his Affection however.

Falcon. Ay, Jewel, he's a Brute else: But I know honest Tom, he'll now be as fond o' thee as I am, allowing for the Deference of Spouse and Spark; but he ne'er esteem'd thee before, or I had heard o' such a Treasure; an' not, that he'ad spent all, an' had nothing left to recommend him to any body.

Lure. Ha, ha, ha! He did n't think of me in such a way, my Lord.

Falcon. Amazing Stupidity! Not think of thee? Oons, hadst thou been mine, I had thought o' nothing else: Why, in publick Business thee hadst always been uppermost, and (tho' a pleasing Mistake) a *Billet-deux* o' thine might ha' been sent to a foreign Potentate instead of a State-Letter.

Lure. You're extreamly gallant, my Lord; but you wou'd n't let the Honour of your Office suffer for such a Trifle.

Falcon. What if it had? Better any thing (nay, every thing) suffer, than the Mistress of my Soul shou'd be forgot. The Honour o' my Office, quoth-a.

Sings to the Tune of Come, be jolly, fill your Glasses.

Let State Chitts want Resolution,

And court Popular Applause;

Love's to me the Constitution,

Love's Religion and the Laws.

Lure. Else why shou'd ye heap up Treasure,

But to purchase ev'ry Joy?

Both. We will have our Fill of Pleasure,

Publick Virtue is a Toy.

Falcon. Dear Life, (kissing) you'll remember me to Tom.

Lure. I'll be sure to obey all your Lordship's Commands.

Falcon.

Falcon. (kissing again) Matchless Treasure! adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Lord Falcon's; present Sir Jolly Glee and Pointer.

Glee. His Lordship sends for us only to make us wait: I think these Great Men imagine one has nothing else to do.

Pointer. He'll not be long, his Servant tells me.

Glee. If Pleasure falls in his Way, one can't answer for him; the Ladies must be attended.

Pointer. His Lordship has n't any such Affair on's Hand to-day that I know of.

Glee. Then, I suppose, he has none; for he does nothing without ye.

Pointer. He has too much Business to help himself.

Glee. And too much State to engage in the sweetest part of an Amour, the Courtship.

Pointer. 'Tis a Drudgery to us that procure only.

Glee. You've the Pleasure of being well rewarded for't; you do nothing o' Freecost, *Paul*; or you might help one to a Cast-off o' my Lord's.

Pointer. Oh, Sir *Jolly*! you're provided for already, for one Twelvemonth, Mrs *Rhubarb*,——

Glee. Ay, *Paul*, at a hellish rate—Two thousand Pounds: 'Tis well there's a Heaven in those Arms, or I'd been devilishly bit.

Point. Ay, those Arms, Sir *Jolly*! Did you ever see such? Then those Eyes! those Cheeks! those Lips! those Teeth! those Breasts! Then such a Neck! such a Hand! such a Leg! such a Foot! Gad, I'm quite out o' Breath with describing her Beauties; What must you be then that enjoy 'em, Sir *Jolly*?

Glee. Why, intranc'd, *Paul*, what d'ye think? Not but the Jade's a little awkward, I must tell ye.

Pointer. A little at first it may be, Sir *Jolly*; but now she comes to be mouth'd, and set upon her Haunches, she'll soon grow more tractable.

Glee. Rot ye, *Paul*, you talk like a rough Rider: Don't ye want to compleat the Breaking of her, hey?

Pointer. No, by the Lord, Sir; I want no more to caress the Woman I praise, than a Jockey does to mount the

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the Horse he means to part with : 'Tis my Business to set 'em off, Sir Jolly.

Pointer sings to the Tune of To see the Troopers all come home.

That Pimp's in a piteous Condition

Who gives up his Gain for his Love ;

And he's but a dull Politician

Whom Merit or Mercy can move.

The Wise think their Profit their Pleasure,

All Things by Self-Int'rest they measure,

And, when they mount, will ride like Mules,

Your easy, honest, human Fools,

And sickle 'em out of their Treasure.

(*A knocking at the Door.*) But here comes my Lord.

Enter Lord Falcon.

Falcon. Sir Jolly Glee, your humble Servant, (*embracing*) I'm sorry I made you wait thus ; but, immortal Love ! such an Affair you'll pardon me, I know, when you hear it.

Glee. Not a Lady sure : *Paul* said, your Lordship had n't any such Affair in hand to-day that he knew of, and therefore I concluded you had none.

Falcon. He knew of ! No, no, *Paul* ne'er knew of any thing like this ; he has no Correspondence worth encouraging.

Both. No !

Falcon. No, no, he'll wait ye a Country-Waggon at the *White Bear* above (*pointing*) indeed, and help one to a clumsy Jade made vicious by ill breaking ; or a discarded Chamber-maid, that has been the Hack of a whole Family : *Paul* flies no higher ; I've had twelve Gros of such from him.

Glee. Nay, my Lord, he sets nobler Game to my Knowledge.

Pointer. Pray, my Lord, remember the Banker's Wife.

Falcon. Damn her, I shall ne'er forget her, a saucy clumsy Cit, I had such Drudgery on't.

Pointer. But the Woman o' Quality last Week ; here's a Letter from her to your Lordship. (*giving a Letter.*)

Falcon.

Falcon. Oh! she wrapt in Woollen only, according to Act of Parliament: I wonder I shou'd forget her indeed.

Pointer. Mrs. Frisky, my Lord, what think ye of her.

Falcon. A young skittish Thing, that shou'd ha' been train'd three Months e're a Man o' Quality shou'd undergo the Toil of her. In short, *Paul*, I'll now consent to your going abroad, since I can help my self so deliciously.

Glee. *Paul* go abroad, my Lord! I hope you don't cast him off.

Falcon. No, no, Sir *Jolly*; *Paul* goes in a good Character; 'tis what he's as long solicited.

Glee. I shall rejoice in *Paul*'s Advancement, my Lord, who has provided for me so lusciously; for I have had a Lady of his procuring, and a Miracle too, notwithstanding you run him down thus.

Falcon. Not to compare with mine, Sir *Jolly*, I'll be sworn.

Glee. Because mine's incomparable, my Lord, either in Beauty, Wit, or good Humour. She was a Virgin last Night too.

Falcon. Ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Jolly*! I really pity you; a fine Woman, and the first Time, like Fox-hunting, is more Toil than Pleasure. Mine's a married Woman, I confess, but of unsully'd Reputation, and incomparable Beauty.

Pointer. My Lord, I'll lay you Odds on Sir *Jolly*'s Mistress.

Falcon. D'ye tell me so, Pimp? Why had n't I her then?

Pointer. Nay, my Lord, Sir *Jolly*'s did not want for Price.

Falcon. What then, ye Sot? Did ever I refuse a Price? I'm as able to purchase as Sir *Jolly*, I hope: But you need not think of going abroad, Sir, now. However, to convince ye both of your Mistakes, I shew her t'ye: I'm to drink a Bottle to-night with her Husband.

Glee. The Husband won't look awry at us, I hope.

Falcon. No, I've sufficiently oblig'd him already; I've sent him a Patent by his Wife to-day for a Place of
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Your hundred Pounds a Year, and therefore may expect a Welcome to a Bottle at Night with a Friend or two.

Pointer. Pray, my Lord, whose Wife is't has Power to please thus after you've had her?

Falcon. Tom Merit's.

Bosh. Merit's! Is he married then?

Pointer. Gad, if I had known he had a Wife so handsome, I had been more complaisant to him.

Falcon. You know nothing that conduces to Pleasure, to sit with thee is Drudgery: I've had her to-day, but no Words on't, the Lady's Honour is not to be soil'd.

Glee. (*aside*) No, I'll be sworn, after you've handl'd it so freely: (*aloud*) But your Lordship can't boast much of your Thrift neither, four hundred Pounds a Year's a pretty good Price.

Falcon. A publick Gratitude for a private Favour, my Way of doing Business, Sir *Folly*; but the Husband has Worth, and the Wife's inestimable. Will ye go, Sir *Folly*? The Time's come, and my Coach waits ye.

Glee. I must go first and make an Excuse to my Chamber, but will be with you in half an Hour. I know Mr. Merit's.

Falcon. Be sure ye come, Sir *Folly*, for I long to shew you my Treasure, and don't halt enjoy her till my Friends know my Happiness.

Sings to the Tune of, Of all the simple things we do, &c.

*Ne'er scents so sweet the budding Rose
As when it's ripe and thoroughly blown,*

*Nor Sweats half the Joys disclose
Until by all they're known.*

Who'd wish to be wealthy or wise?

Or to be noble or great,

But that 'tis seen we hold the Prize,

And all the World envies our State?

Glee. But neither the Lady nor her Husband will have much Reason to thank your Lordship for making so free with their Reputations.

Falcon. Ha, ha, ha, hee! Dear Sir *Folly*, you make me laugh. Prithce have n't I made their Fortunes? And what the Devil ha' they to do with Reputation? Your poor Dogs indeed pretend to live by it, an' poorly,

Heaven knows, not having Stock enough to get a Living by; but for the Rich, they're absolutely above it. We'll go, *Paul*; you'll be sure to come, *Sir Folly*.

Glee. I'll certainly wait on you, my Lord, [*Exeunt*].

SCENE. *Merit's Lodging.*

Merit and Lure meeting.

Merit. Come, my dear Life, is n't that the Instrument of my Preservation? (*Pointing to the Patent.*)

Lure. Ay, my Dear (*kissing*.) here's Life, and its comforts, take it into thy Possession, and long may'st thou live to enjoy it. (*giving it.*)

Merit. (*opening it.*) Verily the same, and to you 'tis I owe my future Happiness, dear Angel! (*embracing*) kind Preserver! a Helpmate indeed! I'm amaz'd, *Peggy*, and yet 'twould be ungenerous to enquire into thy Conduct in this Affair.

Lure. Generous *Merit*, I'll save you the Trouble, by assuring you, that I've preserv'd my Character entire, your Honour, Child, has n't suffer'd in the least.

Merit. (*kissing*.) I must believe thee, Dear; thee wait always consistent.

Sings to the Tune of Whilst the Town's brim-full of Folly.

*What tho' wilely Politicians
Men beguile of all Conditions,
And their selfish Ends disguise?
Beauty Magick has will charm 'em,
Of their boasted Arts disarm 'em;
Lovely Woman's only wife.
Beauty Magick has will charm 'em,
Of their boasted Arts disarm 'em,
Lovely Woman's only wife,
Lovely Woman's only wife.*

Enter Stout.

Come, *Sam*, now give us Joy; my Wife has brought me the Patent, and will take it ill if she has n't a Kiss on this Occasion.

Stout. (*salutes her.*) I heartily wish ye Joy, both of your Marriage and the Place: 'Tis four hundred Pounds a Year; is n't it?

Merit.

Merit. Yes, *Sam*, a *quantum suff*: I bless my Stars,
my Spouse too has preserv'd her Honour

Stout. The Lady has indeed done Wonders, at which
I heartily rejoyce.

Lure. My Lord bid me tell ye, Child, that he intends
to come to-night, with a Friend or two, to give you
Joy, and drink a Bottle o' your Wine: If you have a
Friend likewise, 'tis so much the better, he says: The
Design is, to be merry.

Merit. His Lordship has provided his Welcome. *Sam*,
I claim your Company on this Occasion.

Stout. Rot him, you cou'd n't ask a greater Proof
of my Friendship, than to sit an Hour in such Compa-
ny; however, for thy sake, *Tom*, I'll try to be civil.

Merit. Ay, prithee *Sam* don't shew any Resentment,
let's be merry however.

Sings to the Tune of, Of all Comforts I miscarry'd, &c.

*I can hate him, yet forbear him,
For thy sake this Night I'll spare him:
Attendance was thy Curse, no doubt on't;
'Tis happy thou'rt deliver'd out on't.*

Merit. Come, kind Friend, no more lets grieve,

*No more the Monster shall deceive,
Friendly Fate forbids our Fears,
Gen'rous Wine shall drown our Cares.*

Stout. Pox, let him rot, let his Name be forgot,
For it is n't one good Deed can give him Fame:

*May his Ruin be closely pursuing,
And he overtaken, be cover'd with Shame.*

May his Ruin, &c.

[Exit *Lure*.

Enter Lord Falcon and Pointer.

Merit. My good Lord *Falcon*, I'm your very humble
Servant, many Thanks for my good Fortune: Mr.
Pointer, I'm yours.

Falcon. I come, honest *Tom*, to rejoyce with thee,
and assure thee I have done it with a Friendly Heart.
(Shaking Hands.)

Merit. I thank your Lordship, 'tis a generous Action,
and will (I hope) redound to your Honour.

Falcon. I come likewise to give thee Joy o' thy Mar-
riage, *Tom*, I was a Stranger to it till now: I have given

thy Wife Joy already. Thou hast an excellent Choice
i' faith.

Merit. Every way, my Lord, my Wife regards my
Honour, and my Patrⁿ his Promises.

Pointer. I heartily wish you Joy, Mr. *Merit*.

Merit. I thank ye, Sir. My Lord, here's Mr. *Stout*,
a good Friend of mine, thinks himself oblig'd likewise
on my Account. (*presenting Stout.*)

Falcon. Sir, your humble Servant; I'm so well
pleas'd with serving our Friend *Merit*, that I'm sorry I
did it not sooner.

Stout. My Lord, I'm heartily glad you've done it now,
Better late than never; for a good Man was never much
nearer being lost, nor more critically sav'd.

Falcon. Sir, I had certainly distinguish'd him e're this
time, but am so pester'd with Swarms of Suitors, that
I had almost dropt him in the Crowd; but a little Lei-
sure and Reflection had this Morning brought me to a
Resolution of providing for him, even just as his Lady
came to upbraid me for my Neglect, and was that Mi-
nute sending my Servant to let him know it. Where's
Mrs. *Merit*?

Merit. But in the next Room, she'll be here in a Mi-
nute, my Lord.

[*Falcon, Merit, and Stout seem talking together.*

Pointer. (*aside.*) Rot it, this Day's Work undoes me,
if she appears as charming now as in the Morning;
and I cou'd e'en hang myself for not knowing o' this
Woman, seeing her Husband every Day at my Lord's;
but then, seeing him coldly us'd, I like a Puppy must
shun his Acquaintance: Had it come thro' my Hands,
it had been the making of us both; but, as 'tis, infal-
libly ruins me, unless Sir *Jolly* shou'd come; and I can
prevail with him to disparage her to his Lordship; he
never was accus'd of Constancy that I remember.

Enter Lure.

*Falcon to Merit sings, to the Tune of See, see, my Sera-
phina comes, &c.*

*See, like the Sun thy Spouse appears,
With Gladness in her Face.*

Merit,

The PATRON.

13

Merit and Lure. *Your Goodness has dismiss'd our Fears;
We thank you for the Grace.*

Falcon. *Dear, virtuous, lovely, happy Pair,
Be all your Joys compleas;
And may the Raptures which ye share
Be lasting as they're great.*

[Exit Merit.]

Pointer. *(aside.)* Oons! Is this the Rarry t I don't need, Sir Jolly, to help disparage her, I can do it effectually my self, and hope, by his staying, he'll not come at all; he'll ruin me another way if he does.

Falcon. Madam, your most devoted. *(salutes her.)*

Lure. My Lord, your Servant. Sir, I'm yours.

(to Pointer.)

Pointer. Your Servant, Madam, *(salutes her)* Why was n't I in this Secret pray? *(Aside.)*

Lure. *(aside.)* Because 'twas your Interest to betray it, Sir; but mum——

Enter Sir Jolly Glee.

Pointer. Oons, he's come; now, dear Impudence, protect me, or I'm undone.

Glee. My Lord, your humble Servant: Your Servant. *(to the others.) (Aside to Pointer.)* I'gad, she's elop'd, Paul; but, being dress'd in my Livery, I fancy I shall see her again e're it be long.

Pointer. Yes, Sir Jolly, *(aside.)* too soon, *(aloud.)* no question on't.

Glee. Pray where's Mr. Merit and his Lady?

Falcon. That's his Lady, Sir Jolly, *(pointing to Lure.)* Mr. Merit's hard by.

Glee. *(saluting her.)* Madam, your most devoted, I hope Mr. Merit's well. *(still looking at her.)*

Lure. Your humble Servant, Sir, at your Service.

(turning away.)

Falcon. *(to Glee.)* There's an Angel, Sir Jolly! Did n't I tell ye? There's an Air, and a Grace.

(Sir Jolly still looking.)

Stout. *(aside.)* Damn him, he's in Raptures; my Friend has a sweet time on't.

Falcon. Why, you're amaz'd, Sir Jolly.

(striking him on the Shoulder.)

C 3

Glee.

Glee. I have Reason, my Lord: How's this, *Paul*? What's Mr. *Meris* married to Mrs. *Rhubarb*?

Pointer. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Sir *Folly*; this is n't Mrs. *Rhubarb*, tho' somewhat like her: This Lady has been married to Mr. *Meris* these five Years, I'm told: This is n't she you fell in love with at the Play, Sir *Folly*.

Glee. No! may be not, Sir; but I'll be sworn she's the same you pass'd upon me for that Lady; the same too that I saw at Mr. *Rhubarb*'s yesterday Morning in an Undress.

Pointer. Pray, Sir *Folly*, look again; Mrs. *Rhubard* is taller than this Lady, younger too, and, if I may be so free, a good deal handsomer.

Falcon. Ha, ha, ha, ha! What d' ye mean, Sir *Folly*? every like is n't the same: Does n't *Paul* tell ye, that your Lady is younger, taller, nay, even handsomer, tho' that, I think, is impossible? Pray contain yourself, Mr. *Meris* will be here presently, to convince you of your Mistake: Ha, ha, ha!

Glee. Softly, my Lord; I've too many Reasons to assure me I'm right: First, the Lady's now in my Livery; those (*pointing.*) are the very Clothes I sent her by *Paul*: Can you deny it pray?

Pointer. I do indeed, Sir *Folly*: I own the Pattern to be like, but not exactly the same.

Glee. Then there's the Watch and Equipage I'll swear to: (*taking up the Watch.*) Here's *Grigg* the Maker.

[*All.*] Ha, ha, ha! that's a fine Proof truly.

Glee. But then my Picture: I hope no-body will persuade me that this is n't my Picture.

Pointer. Not in the least like you, Sir *Folly*; 'tis Mr. *Meris*'s Picture: I'll be judg'd by my Lord else.

Falcon. (*looking.*) Nay, faith, the Picture is like; but for the Lady, I'm sure she's not the same you mean, Sir *Folly*.

Glee. Pray what say ye, Madam, to all this? Did not you and I bless each other last Night, on certain Conditions? And was not you to be mine for a Twelve-month, ha?

SCENE.

Stout. Sir, you're a Stranger to me, but one thing I'll tell ye, that my Friend wou'd n't spare ye his Wife on any Conditions, not for a Night, much less for a Twelvemonth, were ye better than you are.

Glee. Sir, you're a Stranger to me too, but, in spite of you, your Friend, and the Devil himself, I will say it again, that this Woman was mine last Night, and had contracted to cohabit with me a Year, as Mrs. *Rhubarb*, Daughter to an eminent Druggist in the City, on certain Conditions, one of which were, to have five hundred Pounds in hand; which was paid her Yesterday by *Paul Pointer*; I have her Receipt in my Pocket, I'm sure.

Enter Merit.

[*All.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Falcon. Dear *Tom Merit*, set us right: Sir *Jolly Glee* has mistaken thy Wife for a Lady that gave him her Company at a Lodging of his last Night, and won't be perswaded out on't.

Stout. Yes truly, and that she was to cohabit with him for twelve Months as his Harlot: Will you take this o' your Wife, *Tom*?

Merit. Ay, anything; *Sam*; she has oblig'd me so highly that I can't in Honour take any Exceptions to her Conduct.

Stout. What the plague, *Tom*, not take Exceptions at a Charge of this Nature! You're fit to be yoak'd i' faith, your Horns won't choak ye. Were my Wife so aspers'd, I'd——

Merit. Wife! now ye say something, *Sam*.

Stout. Why, is n't she your Wife then?

Merit. Yes, Sir, under proper Restrictions *pro tempore*, to have and ledge at pleasure; not *To have and so bold*, I'd have you to think.

Falcon. What, *Tom*, is n't she your real Wife then?

Merit. Only in the same Sense, my Lord, as she has been yours, Sir *Jolly's*, and any-bodies else that has Occasion for her. *Peggy's* very communicative, let me tell ye: Honest *Peg*! (*chucking her Chin.*)

Falcon. Oons! am I bit too? I took her for your real Wife.

Stout.

Merit.

Merit. I know you did, I understand you; but I've only the Patent you see, but half the Favour you design'd me, yet I'm a moderate Man, reasonable in my Desires, and content myself without the Horns, you find. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*All.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha! a good Joke faith.

Falcon. Damn ye all. [*All.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Stout. But hark ye, *Tom*; are you sure, amongst all these Mistakes, that you've really got the Patent at last?

Merit. Yes faith, here it is. (*Shewing it.*)

Sings to the Tune of Gamiorum.

I.

*My Lord, because he lik'd my Wife,
Condescended to better my Fortune,
And, thank him, gave me this for Life
To excuse him the Trouble of courting.
Fal de ral, &c.*

II.

*But she's no Wife, my Honour's safe,
Yet 'twou'd be ungrateful to slight her,
Tho' Winners are allow'd to laugh,
Since by her 'tis I've bit the Biter.
Fal de ral, &c.*

Falcon Well, Sir *Jolly*, you're my Companion in Ridicule however.

Glee. But you're nothing out o' Pocket, my Lord; *Mr. Merit* has deserv'd the publick Favour you've done him, but that Villain (*to Pointer.*) has now Fifteen hundred Pounds in his Hands, besides the Five already paid to no purpose.

Lure. An unconscionable Pimp! I knew nothing of the fifteen hundred, I have only a poor Five, which I'm very willing to deserve at your Hands, Sir *Jolly*.

Glee. Phoo pox, you're a Sham, don't prate to me thus.

Lure. Sir, I scorn your Words; ask my Lord, pray, whether I'm a Sham or no; I scorn to sham it with anybody, I must tell ye.

Stout. The Ladies have it, you were both bewitch'd lately in *Leicester-Fields*; and I think you're worse, to pur-

purchase at such Rates what neither of you can possess: You'd better return to your Diversions in Greenwich-Park, than soil yourselves thus at Chamber-Practice.

Glee. Come, Mr. Pimp, have ye your Pocket-book about ye? (*shaking his Cane at Pointer.*) Pray refund the fifteen hundred Pounds immediately; the other five I shall expect by to-morrow Night: I've nothing to do with the Woman.

Pointer. Yes, Sir, (*giving Bills.*) here 'tis, but you can't blame me, I was impos'd on; she assur'd me she was Mrs. Rhubarb.

Glee. Sir, your Excuses do you no Service; you undertook upon your own Knowledge, and as you're worth the five hundred, I'm very easie about it, only suffer me to give a Receipt for this in the mean time.

(*kicking him out.*)

Falcon. Sir Folly, lets go, we only stay to be laugh'd at: There's one (*pointing to Stout.*) can be merry enough at such Mistakes in his Betters.

Stout. I allow none my Betters but such as have more Sense or Virtue than my self; and if at any time I give way to Wealth or Power without 'em, 'tis as I do it to a Chimney-sweeper, lest they harm me. Betters, quoth-a! None are better that are n't honester. For your part, my Lord, you have dealt long enough with Pimps and Scoundrels, to think there's Credit in being innocently deceiv'd by a Man of Sense.

Falcon. I never dealt with you, Sir, however; that's one Comfort.

Stout. No! why you promis'd to take care of me this Morning in the Park; and, having no Pretensions, I thought I stood fair. You seldom provide for such as have really serv'd ye.

Sings to the Tune of The Old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter.

I.

Most Courtiers will promise a Place to provide you,
But from that same Promise your Undoing date;
Attendance for nothing will likely betide you,
If you can't condescend as a Tool to be great;

*A Vacancy find, Sir, is ever the Tone,
And all the Day long
This, this is the Song,
Depend on't, Dear Sir, your Business is done.*

II.

*But sooner or later we come to our Senses,
And their poor shuffling Arts are thoroughly seen;
They ne'er by Evasions can make Resompences,
Or think, 'cause in Power, prov'd Vices to screen:
In spite of their Grandeur, the Tricksters are known,
And all the Day long
This should be the Song,*

We hope that your Business will quickly be done.

Falcon. I'll promise now, Sir, to take care of you in another Manner; the State has too much of my Service to suffer this from you.

Stout. I'm glad you threaten, because you always break your Word. But, prithee, what has the State to do with thy Vices? Did the Service require you to neglect *Merit*, or dishonour his suppos'd Wife? Sorry Trifler! I despise ye; such Statesmen will make any State ridiculous. Had I been abus'd like my Friend *Merit*, I shou'd n't have had Leisure to concert such a Scheme of Revenge, but had——

Falcon. Oh, the Assassin! Bear witness Gentlemen.

Glee. My Lord, I have a Gentleman's Memory.

Merit. So have I, my Lord; I never remember any thing out of Company.

Falcon. Curse on ye both, what a Conspiracy is here! Iost now for want of Evidence!

Merit. Come *Peggy*, I owe you a hundred Pounds on Conditions now happily executed; give me up my Note, and here's a Bank-Bill of a hundred Pounds for you.
(*exchanging Notes.*)

Lure. I thank ye, Sir; your Hundred, my Lord's Two, and Sir *Jolly's* Five, makes me a Fortune of eight hundred Pounds; a good Week's Work, let me tell ye.

Glee. But *Paul*, I fancy, Madam, will make you refund the five hundred he paid you on my Account.

Lure.

Lars. I defy him, when I can get a Prisoner in the Fleet to marry me for five Pieces, and acquit me in Law, was it for five thousand Pounds.

Merit. Well, Sir Jolly, I see no great Hurt, tho' the Pimp pay the five hundred out of his own Pocket, could we reconcile his Lordship and Mr. Stout to each other. I shou'd be glad you'd give me your Company in the next Room, I've a Supper and a Bottle o' good Wine waits your Acceptance there.

Glee. With all my Heart, Mr. Merit; I'm glad Things are no worse, every one will rejoyce in your good Fortune that knows you. Come, my Lord and Mr. Stout, we'll accept of Mr. Merit's Offer.

(putting their Hands together.)

Sings to the Tune of, Lay aside the Reap-hook, &c.

Lay aside your Anger, let's be Friends,

And be easie, easie, easie, easie,

Easie whilst we stay:

'Tis certain ev'ry Man has private Ends,

Tho' Pleasure, Gain, or Honour

Make us differ in the Way.

Then let's not envy others, but pursue,

Each in his Course, with all his Strength,

And Skill, his darling Game:

For, were the Tables turn'd, the worst we do,

Ev'n those which most bespatter us,

Themselves wou'd do the same. [Excunt omnes]



T H E

EPILOGUE

Spoke by LURE.

Here ends the Dream, no longer Merit's Wife's
Poor Pegg returns to lead her wonted Life,
Where, free to range, (scur'd by native Right)
Thro' all the various Scenes of soft Delight:
Tho' but a Day, I stood the sober Joke,
Ny Neck's e'en gall'd with this same nuptial Yoke.
What then must be the Cause of real Wives?
They lead, no doubt on't, strange delicious Lives.
Cag'd up like Squirrels, the same Rounds they ring,
And all their Pastime's but the self-same thing.
Not but the Wife will take their Times to stray,
And drop their Friends their Favours by the way,
But then the Clog, while it excites Desire,
Restraints the Joy, and quenches the raging Fire.
To me, 'tis true, when Merit's Wife in jest,
'Twas some Relief to seem to Horn his Crest,
And such Intrigues who won'd n't be pursuing,
When 'twas to save one's own Good Man from Ruin?

Gentiles,

You see a Statesman, for his Ends,
Can sometimes, tho' it's late, reward his Friends;
But to o'er-reach him is a Case, it's true,
You Men think strange, with us 'tis nothing new,
For Women born to rule are Politicians too.

F I N I S.

E,